

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 27.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, JULY 12, 1845.

CALENDAR.

- JULY 13—Sunday IX. after Pentecost—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.
 ... 14—Monday—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 ... 15—Tuesday—St. Henry, Confessor.
 ... 16—Wednesday—Commemoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.
 ... 17—Thursday—St. Leo IV. Pope and Confessor.
 ... 18—Friday—St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.
 19—Saturday—St. Ananias, Pope and Confessor.

LITERATURE.

LAYS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

NO. V.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. POLYCARP.*

Right dear in sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints,

PSALTER.

Night hung o'er Meles' rapid flow and Smyrna's tower and bay.—

'Neath Smyrna's lowliest roof that night the Saint in slumber lay:

And through the uncurtained window as the solemn star-light streamed,

And from the chamber as they flowed up to the deep of oven,

There lust'e glowed, a radiant road from that rude couch to heaven.

Morn over Meles' rapid flow and Smyrna's bay and tower.—
The blessed sun looked calmly down on Goodness mocked by Power.

The soldiers of the Roman stood within that humble room.
To bear the holy father forth to trial and to doom:

Yet was the old man's smile as sweet, his soul as little moved,

As when his seat was at the feet of him "whom Jesus loved."

High noon o'er Smyrna's tower and bay.—The haughty chiefs of Rome,

And pagau priests and people thronged to fill the Hippodrome.

—O 'tis a fair and pleasant sight, as gay heart could desire,
To see a brave old Christian die by faggot and by fire:

To feed the merry flames to flout and mock his holy calm;
And swell the shout that echoes out to crown his chaunted psalm!

Then came the Martyr, through the crowd that billowed like a sea,

Robed all in white, as every priest of our pure God should be.

And as he came, distinct and clear, along the sky there ran

A voice from Heaven—"Now, Saint, be strong, and quit thee like a man!"

He raised his eyes as if to greet some vision he might see,

Then murmured sweet, "Ah, it is meet, Jesus, to die for thee!"

Warriors were there who had not bleached where blows fell thick as rain;

Men who had gorged the eagle's beak on many a bloody plain,

Men who had launched from fearless hands the thunderbolts of war!

And chained proud princes to the wheels of their triumphal car.—

But priest and prince and soldier felt the noblest hero there

To be that brave old man who knelt beside the stake in prayer.